

It Only Happened Once

I first realized that I wanted my wife to fuck someone else when Barb (my first wife) told me that someone had come on to her at a party while I was out of town on business. As she told me more details, she sort of hinted that the guy's attentions had not been entirely unwelcome and that she had flirted some with him. She left it open whether anything more had actually happened. I was amazed by two things. First, my wife was a prude and this was totally out of character (and I believe to this day that nothing actually happened). Second, I developed a massive erection. I hadn't ever thought about her fucking anyone else, but now the seed was planted.

That first marriage was sexually pretty miserable. My wife had all sorts of hang-ups and I was a less than adequate performer, suffering from systematic premature ejaculation. We practiced birth control only through *coitus interruptus*, which only increased our anxieties and decreased our ability to please each other. So it was not surprising that the marriage collapsed after I had a one-night stand at a business conference with a woman who came on to me pretty strongly. The one-night stand with Linda turned into a three-day lie-down (almost literally -- we spent more time in bed than out of it, more time naked than dressed). I miraculously turned into a high-performance stud, keeping erect for hours and getting fresh hard-ons after minimal rest. The three-day stand prefaced divorce (for me), marriage, kids and settling down to a more sedate life.

Contrary to me, my second wife had had a lot of experience, both with lasting relationships and with casual sex. She shared many stories with me and they invariably turned me on, especially the more casual ones. For instance, she seduced a telephone repairman by welcoming him dressed in a nightgown and a thin robe which gaped open a little bit, and once, she fucked a taxi driver who had taken her to her hotel. Other affairs were longer-lasting, but never exclusive. She had never been seriously in love with any of her sexual partners. (This was in the seventies and early eighties, before the risk of AIDS.) Whenever she told me about her past encounters, we would have terrific sex, even better than usual.

After we'd been married for a few years, one day, she told me that Greg, her steadiest partner before we met, was going to be in town for a day and that she was meeting him for lunch. I thought nothing of it, but that day, when I came home from work, I asked, "So how was your lunch with Greg? Where did you go?"

"Oh, we ate at the coffee shop at his hotel. It was just a sandwich."

She stayed silent for a couple of minutes. Then, "I need to tell you this. After we'd eaten, I went up to his room and we had sex."

My cock instantly sprang to attention. I leaned over, kissed her on the mouth and put her hand between my legs. "Tell me."

"Well, over lunch we had reminisced about the past. He brought up the time when I had dressed in a short skirt and hiked it up as I sat next to him in the front seat of his car, showing him that I wasn't wearing panties. This was like the second or third time that we went out. So I told him how, that morning, I had planned to show him my pussy, and gotten so turned on that my juices were running down the insides of my thigh and I had to take a break from work to go masturbate in the bathroom.

Stuff like that. But when he asked me to come up to his room 'for old times' sake,' I said no, because I didn't want to step out on you. He insisted, though, saying things like, 'It's been a long time' and 'Just once won't hurt.' And I was getting pretty hot, so I said OK."

All this time, her hand was rubbing up and down my erection, very gently so as not to overstimulate me.

"We got up from the table and he guided me towards the elevator, his arm around my waist. In the elevator, he lifted up my dress and felt my pussy through my panties. 'Hmmm, you're pretty wet there. Looking forward to this, aren't you?' I returned the favor by squeezing his cock through his pants. When we got to his room, he started kissing me and unbuttoning my dress."

I took the hint I kissed her deeply and my hand went to the top button on her dress. The other hand went to her knee and inched up her thigh.

"When we had undressed each other, I bent down and took his steel-hard cock in my mouth, licking and sucking on it. He started moaning and giving signs that he was about to come, so I grabbed the base of his penis and squeezed hard to stop his climax. He steered me towards the bed and made me lie down with my hips at the edge of the bed, spreading my legs. He then went down on me, slurping up my juices and licking my clit. After a minute or so, he positioned his cock at the entrance to my cunt and pushed himself in, gently and slowly."

My left hand was now at the steamy juncture of her thighs, where it encountered pubic hair. My wife didn't have panties on! I felt her sopping pussy lips. I don't know whether it was just from being turned on or whether there was some of Greg's sperm still in there.

"As soon as Greg reached bottom, I came, a long, drawn-out, delicious orgasm. He started pumping his cock and I pumped back, slowly at first ... mmmm, yes, do that ... can you feel how wet I am ... and then he fucked me faster and faster. Finally, he groaned deeply and I felt him shudder as he sprayed my insides with his hot jism. That set off my second orgasm, not quite so powerful as the first, but still good."

I silenced her with a deep kiss, a real battle of the tongues. My hands snaked up her back and undid her bra, freeing her large breasts that were capped by erect nipples. We finished undressing each other and then reenacted the hotel bedroom scene. She rubbed her breast against my chest, then squeezed and pinched my nipples. Then she took me in her mouth and tongued me until I nearly came, but she stopped me with her patented grasp-and-squeeze. Still hard, still aching for her pussy, I went down on her, licking her clit, then the entrance to her vagina, then her crinkly little brown hole, positioning my chin where she could rub her clit against it -- our own traditional brand of foreplay. She came within moments.

I then quickly entered her with my rock-hard member. Was she slicker than usual? Was it just her own lubrication that had been stimulated to an unusual peak? I didn't know, I didn't ask, I didn't care. I just pounded her to a second climax, which set me off, one of the best I can remember having. After we were done, we snuggled together, both sated with sex. But I did note little whiff of aroma coming from her armpit. I felt pretty sure she hadn't showered since her 'lunch' with Greg.

We fucked twice more that evening, both of us coming again, although not simultaneously.